

And farewell friends, thus *Thibie* ends;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Duk*, Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

*Demo*, I, and Wall too.

*Bot*, No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betwene two of our company?

*Duk*, No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thibies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue. Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne, As much as we this night haue ouer-watched. This palpable grosse play hath well beguild The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity. In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pucke.*

*Puck*, Now the hungry Lyons rores,  
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:  
Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,  
All with weary taske fore-done.  
Now the wasted brands doe glow,  
Whil't the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shrowd.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graues, all gaping wide,  
Euery one lets forth his spright;  
In the Church-way paths to glide.  
And we Fairies, that do sunne,  
By the triple *Hecates* teame,  
From the presence of the Sunne,  
Following darkenesse like a dreame,  
Now are frolicke; not a Mouse  
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.  
I am sent with broome before,  
To sweep the dust behind the doore.

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.*  
*Ob*, Through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowie fier;  
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,  
Hop as light as bird from brier,  
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.  
*Tita*, First rehearse this song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note.  
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,  
Will we sing and blesse this place.

*The Song.*

Now until the breake of day,  
Through this house each Fairy stray.  
To the best Bride-bed will we,  
Which by vs shall blesse be:  
And the issue there create,  
Euer shall be fortunate:  
So shall all the couples three,  
Euer true in louing be:  
And the blots of Natures hand,  
Shall not in their issue stand.  
Neuer mole, barell, nor scarre,  
Nor marke prodigious, such as are  
Despis'd in Nat'ritie,  
Shall upon their children be.  
With this field dew consecrate,  
Euery Fairy take his gait,  
And each feuer all chamber blesse,  
Through this Palace with sweet peace,  
Euer shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.  
Trip away, make no stay;  
Meet me all by breake of day.

*Robin*, If we shadowes haue offended,  
Thinke but this (and all is mended)  
That you haue but slumberd heere,  
While these visions did appeare:  
And this weak and idle theame,  
No more yeelding but a dreame,  
Centles, doe not reprehend.  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,  
If we haue vnearned lucke,  
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.  
So good night vnto you all.  
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,  
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.

## The Merchant of Venice.

*Actus primus.*

*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Antonio*,

**I**N sooth I know not why I am so sad;  
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,  
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of

me,

That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

*Sal*, Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,  
There where your Argosies with portly saile  
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,  
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,  
Do ouer-peere the petty Traffiquers  
That curstie to them, do them reuerence  
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

*Salar*, Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections, would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass to know where sits the winde,  
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:  
And euery obiect that might make me feare  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Sal*, My winde cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought  
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.

I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,  
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,  
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,  
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs  
To kishe her buriall; should I goe to Church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks;  
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side  
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,  
And in a word, but euen now worth this,  
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought  
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought  
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?  
But tell not me, I know: *Antonio* is sad;  
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

*Anth*, Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it;  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Sola*, Why then you are in loue.

*Anth*, Fie, fie,

*Sola*, Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad  
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie  
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;  
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,  
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.  
And other of such vineger aspect,  
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

*Sola*, Heere comes *Bassanio*,

Your most noble Kinsman,

*Gratiano*, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,

We leaue you now with better company.

*Sola*, I would haue staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Anth*, Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,

And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

*Sal*, Good morrow my good Lords.

*Bass*, Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Sal*, Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

*Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Lor*, My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Antonio*  
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time

I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

*Bass*, I will not faile you.

*Grat*, You looke not well signior *Antonio*,  
You haue too much respect vpon the world:

They loose it that doe buy it with much care,

Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

*Anth*, I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,

A stage, where euery man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

*Grati*, Let me play the foole,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,

Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.

Why should a man whose blood is warme within,

Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster?

Hee sleepes when he wakes? and creeps into the Iaundies

By